

Orleans Independent Standard

A. A. EARLE, Editor.

Barton, Friday, February 15, 1867.

TERMS:

Terms of the Standard \$2.00 in advance; and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid except as the publisher's option.

Rates of Advertising:

One column, one year, \$75.00
Half column, 40.00
One fourth column, 25.00
One square, 2 lines, or less—one year, 8.00
One square three weeks, 1.50
Legal notices at 12 cents per line.

Contraction.

The fact that Secretary McCulloch is a supporter of the reconstruction policy of the President, does much to prevent his financial policy from being adopted by the Republican party. The official conduct of Andrew Johnson has rendered him so obnoxious, and the distrust of him is so general, and intense as to attach odium to every one connected with him, and to excite suspicion of any policy supported by him or his friends. But will it not be well for us to give the devil his due, which is an old maxim, and a good one. If a sound financial policy is proposed by the friends of the administration, there is no more reason why it should be rejected, than if proposed by some one else. Every such proposition should stand upon its merits and not upon the political character of those who propose it. Now, Secretary McCulloch advocates the gradual contraction of the immense volume of our irredeemable paper currency, and by this means an ultimate return to specie payment, which he thinks may be safely reached by July, 1868; and he proposes to effect this very desirable result by compelling the National Banks to redeem their bills at New York, or some other Atlantic city, and by the withdrawal from circulation of the U. S. notes, at the rate of from four millions to six millions of dollars per month—as the interests of trade will permit.

Aside from the many good reasons in favor of this policy, there is one fact which should especially commend it to the common sense of community; and that is it is opposed by speculators. They are squandering their like skilled energy, and their committees, sub-committees, and lobbyists are throughing the ante-room of Congress, and striving to buy, bully, or wheedle the Representatives into an opposition to the financial policy of the Treasury Department; while their organs are continually asserting that the financial policy of Sec. McCulloch will bring ruin upon the country; and are never weary of painting direful pictures of the misery which will ensue if it is persisted in. In warfare, it is regarded as good generally to pursue those measures which create the most trouble and outcry on the part of the enemy; and in like manner it may, we think, be regarded as good financial policy, to pursue those measures which create the most trouble and opposition on the part of those who live by speculation on the labor of others. And when we hear such men predicting ruin from the contraction of the currency, we are apt to have suspicions that they themselves will be the greatest sufferers; and that the misery they so much apprehend will fall where it belongs—upon those who have grown rich upon the necessities of consumers. Nothing is more certain than that a sound and healthy financial condition is incompatible with the success of speculation. Speculation thrives best when the currency is inflated, the standard of value shifting and uncertain, the people extravagant, and when every article of trade bears a false value. And we regard it as one of the most cogent reasons in favor of Secretary McCulloch's financial policy, that it is unfavorable to the interests of speculators, and provokes from them the most bitter and vigorous hostility.

A WONDER FOR THE WORKSHOP.—Every Mechanic should have ready at hand a box of Gray's Celebrated Salve, as it is a remedy for accidents, such as Cuts, Bruises, contused Wounds, Burns, Scalds, Poisoned skin, and Eruptions, caused by operations in the factory, dye-house, or printing office. Only 25 cents a box.

MR. PEABODY'S DONATIONS.—Estimating the Mississippi bonds at half a million of dollars, we believe the following list of Mr. Peabody's donations approaches correctness:

The Poor of London,	\$2,200,000
Town of Danvers,	60,000
General Anti-Slavery,	10,000
City of Baltimore,	100,000
Philips Academy,	25,000
Massachusetts Historical Society,	20,000
Harvard College,	150,000
Yale College,	150,000
To the South,	1,500,000

TRAGIC AFFAIR.—A gentleman in California having made a lady a present of a pair of pistols, after several trials of skill, they concluded to go through the form of a duel. They took their positions, fired at the word, and to the terror of the lady, the gentleman fell. She threw herself frantically upon the corpse, embracing and kissing it with every "emotion of endearment." Under such a "fatal influence" the gentleman revived, and rose unhurt from the ground, and—**and** they are to be married.

Local News.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY.—Below we give the teacher's version of the Brownington whipping case, mentioned in our last. We understand from Mr. Alfred Ripley, the committee man who hired Mr. Ordway, that he was not turned out of school, and that nearly every person in the district was satisfied with him as a teacher; that he whipped one boy a little too hard, and the other not near hard enough; and also that the statement below is strictly correct:

BARTON LANDING, Feb. 11, 1867.

MR. EARLE—Dear Sir:—I noticed in your paper of last week, a short piece headed, Rumpus in Brownington, which contains false statements, and does me infinite as the teacher. I will therefore make a plain statement of the facts of the case, which I can fully prove, and ask an act of justice to myself that you will make the correction in your next issue and give the public the true statement.

Two boys, one a son of Albert Day, and a young man named Gary, living at Mr. McCurdy's, who had been troublesome during the latter part of the school, left school and went to the house of Henry Miller to make dominions. When they returned to the school house I forbid their leaving the school again without my consent. In a day or two afterwards they brought their dominoes to school and commenced playing with them which I forbid, when they said they would go where they could play. I told them to be back by 1 o'clock to which one replied, "I shall do as I am a mind to about it." And again went to the house of Mr. Miller and played awhile, then started to come back to school, when Miller called them back to go and break rocks. The next day when they came to school I remonstrated with them for their misconduct and found it necessary to punish them as I told them I should if they went away again without my leave. I secured some small sticks and after giving them a few blows, asked them if they would obey the rules of school if permitted to take their sticks; they refused to answer in the affirmative, when I told them that I should whip them until they did; and I did so, not giving them more than five or six blows without giving them a chance to answer; young Day being the most willful, received the most blows, and though carrying some marks was not materially injured, the skin not being broken, and returned to school in three or four days. To avoid any further difficulty with the enraged family of Day, I left the school, but with my own free will, and without any order from the committee, and with urgent requests from others to remain.

SMALL OLD LADY.—Mrs. Sally Alford, aged 64, has since the first of July last done her own work for herself, her son, and all hired help employed in finishing off a new house, cleaned up after plastering, picked up and moved, span 48 lbs. of rolls, wove 246 yards of cloth, colored, spun, wove, cut and made her son a suit of clothes. On Thursday, Jan. 31, her birth day, she spun 64 knots of yarn in eight hours and a half. Her children and neighbors gave her a supper in the evening by meeting at her house to wish her long life and much joy the remainder of her days.

FIRE IN NEWPORT.—Quite a serious fire broke out at Newport on last Sunday evening, which destroyed the lively stable and dwelling house of Jerry Drew, and a large barn belonging to Orville Robinson. Drew also lost 25 new harnesses, two or three wagons and sleighs and 2000 bushels of oats, two hogs and several pigs. His loss is estimated at from \$8000 to \$10,000, on which there is an insurance of about \$3000. The furniture and clothing was mostly saved.

FROZEN.—A woman living in Salem by the name of Almira Lewey and her son about a dozen years old, were out getting wood some three weeks since, they were so badly frozen that the boy had to have both feet taken off, and the mother lost all her toes. She was a mulatto.

NAUGHTY LITTLE ROGUE.—Miss Tapp of the Little Prattle, at Newport, has "dot his little back up" and says swear words at us for what we said last week, when we was "jess in fun," and says naughtily so.

We sincerely ask pardon of our readers for inserting the above choice scintillation from that brilliant brain which runs the Standard. We intend always to exclude from our columns, all articles of questionable character, and should have placed this, where it more properly belongs, among a certain class of advertisements if we had any of that kind which would not be disgraced by the comparison. We simply print it, in order to give our readers a fair specimen of that elastic "literature," one of those "articles of interest" which Earle gives his readers weekly, and upon which he is so rapidly wasting that "noble brain" of his. It is daily gaining an enviable reputation, as one of the leading, controlling "moral forces" of the day. We leave entirely to him that broad field of "literature" where "low slang" and vulgarity reign supreme. From

inclination, taste and constant practice he is pleased with it, and therein let him take his fill. We leave the field in disgust.

Well, old nassy Tandard sacn pagne him enny more! no it sacn! So do right ou and "try to pit a doodle ite paper;" bess his sweet tummaek!

Oh, you pitty sugar plummy,
Does it want its story telly.
So it sall; you ducky tummy,
Let nassy Early see it walky.

My, what alls its sweetest mouf,
Tandard fait its going to ky,
Onny see its lippy pouty,
Hushy, darley, rocky bye.

Does the same old Early givvy,
Tandard fait its going to ky,
Onny see its lippy pouty,
Hushy, darley, rocky bye.

Is his little tummy ache?
Is his little eyes so sleepy,
Waitin for its sweetie cake?

Is his little nose runny?
Has Expecsy acher cole?
Mass not runny in the lolly,
Gooddy, pouty, sainty saule!

AUCTIONS.—M. Shony at East Albany, Monday, Feb. 25, sells cows, oxen, hay, farming and dairy tools, beds, harnesses, &c. S. S. Kimball, auctioneer.

David Blaisdell near Albany Centre, Friday, March 1, sells 25 acres of pasture land, 5 cows, yearlings, hay, oats, shant, wagons, sap pans, sap buckets, household furniture, &c. S. S. Kimball, auctioneer.

Geo. B. Hazen near West Glover, Saturday, Feb. 23, sells 10 extra cows, horses, colts, shoats, hay, straw, sleds, wagons, buffalo robes, farming mill, harnesses, dairy and farming tools.—P. S. Paine, auctioneer.

DONATIONS.—The friends of Rev. Mr. Fowler in Irasburgh, are to give him a donation on next Thursday evening, at the Methodist church.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—The teachers' Institute for this county was held at Greensboro on Friday and Saturday of last week, but as we have a local itemizer there who gets the Standard for his services, we have no report of it. No matter—we shall of course send it just the same.

BARTON.—The following are the officers of Phoenix Lodge, for the ensuing quarter:

Milo C. Cutler, P. W. C. T.
Rev. C. Taylor, W. C. T.
Miss Sarah E. Mason, W. V. T.
Miss Emma Hoyt, W. S.
Miss Clara Baranard, W. A. S.
Miss Nellie West, W. F. S.
Mrs. Lucy Robinson, W. T.
George H. Blake, W. M.
Miss Helen Kimball, W. D. M.
Rev. W. A. Robinson, W. C.
Mrs. G. H. Blake, W. R. H. S.
Mrs. E. A. Chapman, W. L. H. S.
J. B. Robinson, L. D.

BROWNINGTON.—The following are the officers of Crystal Point Lodge, for the present quarter, elected February 1:

Judson Spofford, P. W. C. T.
P. D. Clark, W. C. T.
Cynthia Wells, W. V. T.
Addison Parker, W. S.
Martha Skinner, W. T.
Erasmus Spencer, W. F. S.
Henry Smith, W. M.
Chauncey Skinner, W. L. G.
S. A. Hall, W. O. G.
Ella J. Smith, W. R. H. S.
Sophia C. Crandall, W. L. H. S.
A. P. Buxton, W. Chaplain.
Nora G. Spencer, W. A. S.
Emma F. Lamplair, W. D. M.
A. O. Jorlyn, L. D.

COVENTRY.—Mr. David Gillis, who lives in the East part of Coventry, met with quite a severe accidental injury, on the 1st inst. He was drawing a load of wood, and the horses were going smartly, when the sled suddenly slipped, and caught his leg between the sled and a tree. A gash several inches long was cut on the outside of his leg, and the muscles on the inside, just above the knee, were badly cut and torn. By the time he was rescued in getting home, he was almost exhausted with pain and loss of blood, and the boot on the injured leg was full and running over with blood. His wounds were dressed by D. W. Blanchard and he is in a fair way to get well, though he can hardly escape from many weeks of lameness.—*Little Prattle, Newport.*

GOOD COLTS.—Wm. Pitcher of Albany, recently sold a pair of three years old colts to a gentleman from Massachusetts, for \$750.—*Little Prattle, Newport.*

THE WEST AUBURN TRAGEDY.—LEWISTON, Maine, Feb. 9. In reference to the Auburn murder the negro asserts that he did not think the murder was contemplated, and consequently that he went to the house unarmed, while his accomplice had a hatchet and a knife. The accomplice first seized Mrs. Kinsley and demanded where the money was, when she screamed for Miss Caswell. The accomplice then struck Mrs. Kinsley with a chair. Miss Caswell on coming out of her room was struck by the accomplice on the head with a hatchet, and left for dead, when both the murderers returned to Mrs. Kinsley's bedroom and searched for the money where she indicated, but found none. Miss Caswell had returned to consciousness and was attempting to reach her room when the negro followed and killed her with a chair. In the meantime the accomplice had finished Mrs. Kinsley. Then they tried to find a lamp, but failed, and after further search gave up all hopes of finding any money, and left.

Verrill, whom the negro charges as being the instigator of and accomplice in the crime, is in jail. The detectives are understood to be at work on his case.

For the Standard.

Education—Be Somebody, &c.

BY A GOOD TEMPLAR.

It has been said, and no doubt truly, that many an individual lives and dies unnoticed and unknown, whose natural abilities to rise to stations of honor and distinction, are as good as many possess who really do rise to those stations; and their only hindrance is they are afraid to start; afraid to take the first step lest they fail, and so are laughed at or ridiculed for the failure. And there is no doubt in my mind that many a man is to-day ground down by incompetence or actual poverty, who but for this very fear of the results of failure might be enjoying competence or even wealth. But it is a self-evident fact that wealth, honor, distinction, or even a passable standing in society will never be ours without an effort. In some countries, money and titles and power are inheritable. But, thank providence, it is not so in ours. Here we have no Kings, nor Princes, nor Lords, nor high-born ladies. And if any would be honored, trusted and confided in they must show themselves worthy. And to do this they must make an effort, and the effort must be commensurate with the height of the object which they aspire to attain. Let the school boy content himself with the idea that a little reading, writing and spelling, with just enough of arithmetic to enable him to compute interest, is all he needs to insure him success in life, and with the attainment of these, the first rudiments of education, his books are thrown aside, and he forever remains ignorant of the power his own mind possesses to grasp and retain knowledge, and he himself is forever barred from all those offices of town, state or nation, which the educated man only can command.

And so in the acquirement of wealth. Many a man will look idly on, and see his neighbor adding dollar to dollar, farm to farm and store to store; he will while complaining of his own bad luck. An idea, by the way, with which I have not the least sympathy. For does not observation teach us that man is the maker of his own fortune, and not fortune the maker of the man. Who does not know that inherited wealth almost invariably proves the ruin of the inheritor; and for the very reason that he made no effort to obtain it. So not knowing how his money comes, it is but a natural consequence that he will not care how it goes. We often hear men say: "Oh, if I only had had that man's knack to make money, I too might be rich." When perhaps the innate ability of the envious one to acquire, is equal or even superior to that of the envious. The sole difference being the effort of the one and the non-effort of the other. True there may be circumstances which for a time will seem to retard the one and advance the other. Yet it has become an almost universally accepted rule that well directed, persevering effort will conquer. Look at Columbus, the discoverer of this American continent; the discouraging circumstances under which he labored; the indefatigable zeal which he manifested, and the untiring effort which he maintained, together with his final glorious success, are probably as familiar to all of us as our household names. Look at Benjamin Franklin, the son of a poor man, and he as he tells us himself, at one time so destitute as to be scarceable to buy himself a meal of victuals. But he persevered and by his own unaided efforts became a world's benefactor.—Look at Robert Fulton, to whom doubtless the world owes more than is even yet appreciated. When speaking of his first application of the propelling power of steam to boats, a writer says: "He had been ridiculed, laughed at, derided, denounced as a schemer and an adventurer." But his boat went; and thenceforward his was a bright page in the history of those who have been useful to their fellow men. And we might point you to scores of our countrymen who have by close application arisen unaided to stations of honor, responsibility and power. Our late lamented President, whom we all loved, and at whose death a nation wept, was felt within himself that aspiration after education, influence and position, which all true patriots must feel; he saw that it was by his own efforts he must succeed, those efforts were put forth and the poor boy arose to the summit of human greatness; not in becoming President, but whilst filling that office in still daring to do right. But methinks I hear some one say, "Those were all great men; men of uncommon talent; we can never be like them." How know you that my friend? Listen to the poet's words:

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And though dying live behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time,
Footprints that perchance another,
Sailing over life's billowy main,
A friend or shipwrecked brother,
Seeing may take heart again."

But an education cannot be obtained in a day, if it could we would all be educated. Office of honor and distinction do not descend to us, we must rise to them, and that too, step by step; and the same with wealth and every other desirable object.—The first effort must be made, the corner stone must be laid, and with that half the work is done. If I were asked for a motto to insure success in any laudable undertaking, I would write, determined, persevering effort. Let the young man who comes here from week to week, make this Lodge room their first stepping stone to honorable distinction in the future. Let them speak upon the question under debate, though it be but a few words at first. I would not sit here and listen to the talk of these same half-dozen men every evening, I would get up and say something, and be assured the very effort will make you stronger. And be assured also, that if any one laughs at, or ridicules your attempt, it will be the very one who has never made the first effort at self-culture, and probably never will make it. Speak, declaim, write; do every thing as opportunity may offer, for the right cultivation of your own minds, and I pledge my word that you will discover within yourselves, intellectual power of which you have never yet dreamed. And these young ladies too, have each a part to act in the great drama of life, and the higher the degree of mental culture the better will all be able to act it. The educational era of woman is but just dawning. The world does not yet know what can be accomplished by thoroughly educated women. Hitherto, or until quite recently, she has been debased from the higher schools and colleges which her brother treely entered and won exclusive laurels.—Still we have had many well educated, noble minded women. And to-day, our country owes to her pen, many of its very best literary, and not a few of its scientific productions. In all the fine arts she has acquired for herself hard earned and well merited celebrity. We have heroines as well as heroes. We have female philanthropists, and benefactresses not a few. What a noble work was accomplished by Mary Lyon, in founding the seminary for young ladies, at Mt. Holyoke, from whose walls hundreds of usefully educated women, have gone forth qualified, and anxiously solicited as teachers, throughout the length and breadth of the land. True we may never become painters, nor sculptors, we may never be Hemanses nor Signorines, nor Stowes, with the pen, but we can become more than we are. We may not be geniuses, which however, in my mind applies to which a few, and in many instances means but little more than a determination to succeed in some one particular undertaking, but we may try to fathom our own capabilities; we may try to know ourselves. But I have been led away from my first intention, which was simply to make an humble application of my subject, and urge every member of this lodge, and more especially the younger members, to make an effort at self-culture here. Let us have an expression of your own thoughts in the debate, in the essay, in writings and jottings for the paper, with which we are favored from time to time. Let us all form ourselves into a school for mental cultivation, and try ourselves and see what manner of intellect we possess. We sometimes hear young people say, "Oh I can't write, and never could." Did you ever try? "No, for I know I can't." Now the great difficulty lies here; you want to try. And I claim that you are almost as ignorant of your own mental powers, as you are of your own future destiny. Neither have I any reason to doubt that there are young men and young women here to-night, who by persevering effort will be certain of high attainments in knowledge, and enviable positions in society.

Barton Landing.

THE FATAL SEVEN.—Under this head, the Pittsburg Commercial, notices the curious fact that almost every decade in our history, ending with the figure seven, has marked the beginning of a financial crash that wiped out the continental currency. In 1870 our troubles with France, and expected war with England, confined the business of the country. In 1817 a tremendous financial convulsion occurred, the legacy of the war 1812-14. In 1827 the inflation was less severe, but ten years later, 1837, the whole banking system and business of the country went down, to be prostrated to a greater or less extent for the ensuing five years. In 1847 there were no particular hard times on this side of the Atlantic, but on the other side, the English railroad speculation produced great evils, and grand famine stalked over Ireland and other portions of Europe. In 1857 inflation and over trading, with us, ended in serious commercial losses. To-day begins another decade; shall the singular continuity remain unbroken?

BOUND UP.—Wm. W. Cameron of Stony Creek, Warren County, N. Y., was brought before Justice Weeks on Tuesday last, charged with stealing a horse, buggy and harness from Dan Whitecomb, Esq., in this place in September last. The Justice bound him over in the sum of \$2000 to appear for trial at the term of the County Court to be held in this place in March next. In default of bail, Cameron was committed to jail.—*Rutland Herald.*

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And these young ladies too, have each a part to act in the great drama of life, and the higher the degree of mental culture the better will all be able to act it. The educational era of woman is but just dawning. The world does not yet know what can be accomplished by thoroughly educated women. Hitherto, or until quite recently, she has been debased from the higher schools and colleges which her brother treely entered and won exclusive laurels.—Still we have had many well educated, noble minded women. And to-day, our country owes to her pen, many of its very best literary, and not a few of its scientific productions. In all the fine arts she has acquired for herself hard earned and well merited celebrity. We have heroines as well as heroes. We have female philanthropists, and benefactresses not a few. What a noble work was accomplished by Mary Lyon, in founding the seminary for young ladies, at Mt. Holyoke, from whose walls hundreds of usefully educated women, have gone forth qualified, and anxiously solicited as teachers, throughout the length and breadth of the land. True we may never become painters, nor sculptors, we may never be Hemanses nor Signorines, nor Stowes, with the pen, but we can become more than we are. We may not be geniuses, which however, in my mind applies to which a few, and in many instances means but little more than a determination to succeed in some one particular undertaking, but we may try to fathom our own capabilities; we may try to know ourselves. But I have been led away from my first intention, which was simply to make an humble application of my subject, and urge every member of this lodge, and more especially the younger members, to make an effort at self-culture here. Let us have an expression of your own thoughts in the debate, in the essay, in writings and jottings for the paper, with which we are favored from time to time. Let us all form ourselves into a school for mental cultivation, and try ourselves and see what manner of intellect we possess. We sometimes hear young people say, "Oh I can't write, and never could." Did you ever try? "No, for I know I can't." Now the great difficulty lies here; you want to try. And I claim that you are almost as ignorant of your own mental powers, as you are of your own future destiny. Neither have I any reason to doubt that there are young men and young women here to-night, who by persevering effort will be certain of high attainments in knowledge, and enviable positions in society.

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